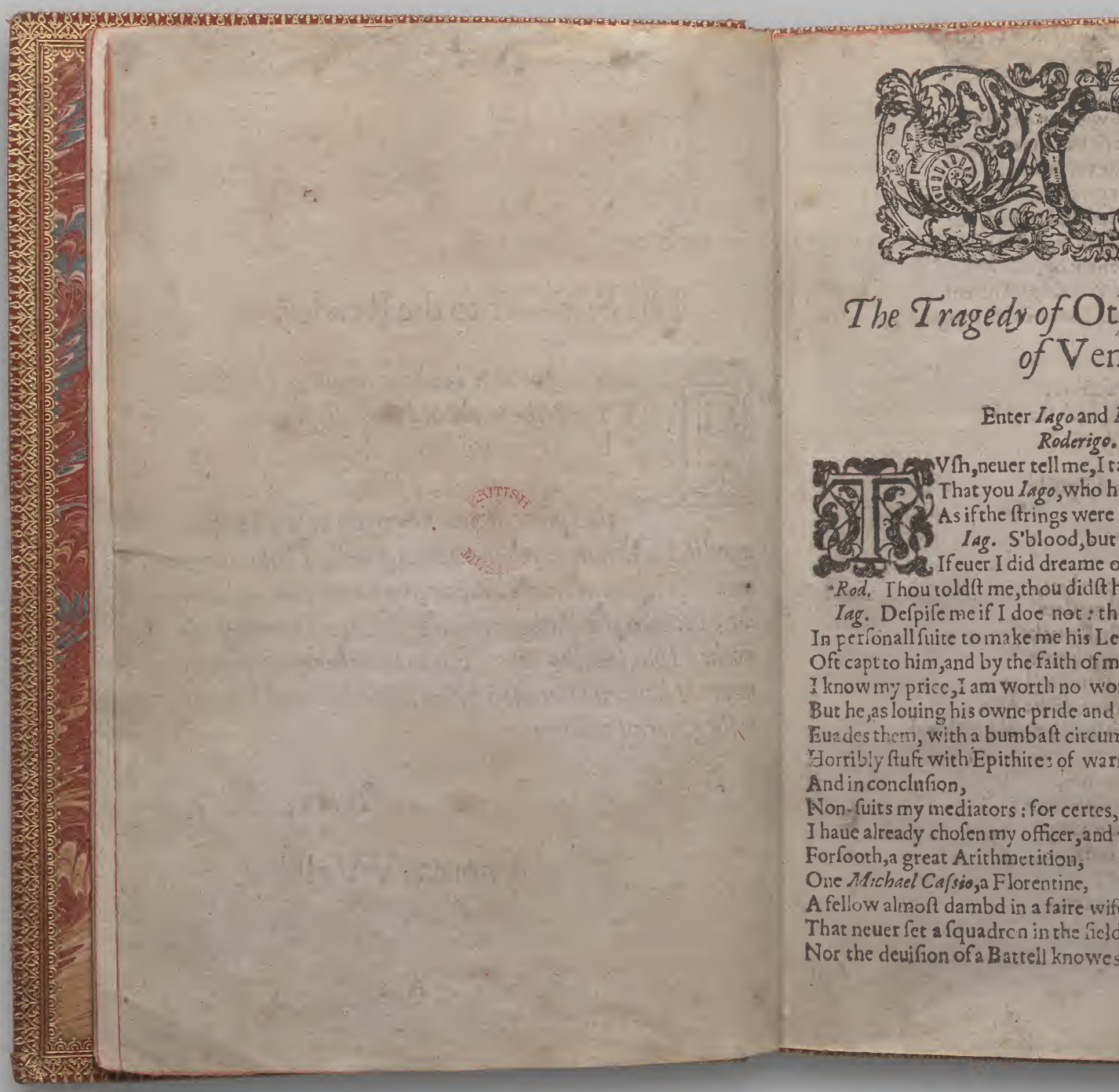

The Tragedy of Ot
of Ven

Enter *Iago* and
Roderigo.

TVſh, neuer tell me, I t
That you *Iago*, who h
As if the ſtrings were
Iag. S'blood, but
If euer I did dreame o
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt h
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: th
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Le
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of m
I know my price, I am worth no wo
But he, as louing his owne pride and
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circun
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of war
And in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators: for certes,
I haue already choſen my officer, and
Forſooth, a great Arithmetition,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt dambd in a faire wif
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the fiel
Nor the deuiſion of a Battell knowes

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)